

## [After Midnight](#) by [pookiestheone](#)

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**Summary:**

This is a sequel to [Midnight](#)

## After Midnight

### Author's Note:

This is a sequel to [Midnight](#)

Steve stood there frozen, arms limp at his sides, barely holding onto his beer and the dangerously burning cigarette end.

“You ...” he croaked, “you kissed me.”

Billy stuck another cigarette into his mouth, casually lit it and leant back against the garage.

“Apparently so,” he answered in a cloud of smoke and frosty breath.

“Why would you kiss me?”

“Midnight on New Year’s,” Billy shrugged. “As good a reason as any.” He turned and glared. “Wanna make something of it?”

In the distance the fireworks continued to explode; Steve could see the occasional flash above the rooftop. *Maybe this is something I should leave alone.*

“No. Just don’t try that again.”

“Only if you want me too.”

“Hey, hey!” Steve stepped in front of Billy, standing inches from him. “**You** kissed me. I didn’t ask you to.”

“Didn’t say you did.” Billy lent forward and blew smoke into his face. “Didn’t see you stopping me.”

“You fucking surprised me.”

“Pleasantly?”

“What? No, no!”

“Too bad. You got a nice mouth.”

“I have what?” Steve’s fists clenched.

“Easy there, tiger.” Billy had caught a glimpse of the fists. “You really don’t want to fight me, do you? Remember last time.”

“You fucking cheated and you know it.”

“Ah,” Billy laughed and stepped to one side, “there were rules? Didn’t get a copy of them.”

“You’re an asshole.”

“Yeah. So how’s it feel to be kissed by an asshole.”

Steve moved faster than Billy expected. He stepped forward putting one leg behind his and shoving him hard; Billy landed in a snow bank.

“That wasn’t very smart, Stevie,” Billy warned as he heaved himself up and dusted snow off his ass. “Made me lose my cig.”

Steve tried to sidestep as Billy lunged but he still caught his arm and spun him around, throwing him to the ground and knocking the wind out of him. Billy was on his chest, knees pinning his shoulders. Steve tried to buck him off.

“Now, now, Stevie. Don’t be like that,” he ordered, holding back a laugh because he wasn’t taking this seriously.

“Get off of me.”

“Say you’re sorry,”

“For what?”

“For the snow bank.” Billy tapped rather than slapped his cheek.”

“No.”

“And for not thanking me for the kiss.” Another tap on the opposite cheek.

“Fuck off.”

“Some people have no class.” Billy stood up and walked back to the garage.

“Jesus Christ,” Steve grumbled as he sat up.

“Need a hand, Stevie?”

“No,” Steve got up and checked his new jacket for tears. “And stop calling me Stevie.”

“Pretty boy, then?” Billy shook the pack of cigarettes toward him almost like a peace offering, as if tit for tat had settled the matter.

“No,” Steve took the proffered cigarette, “not that either. Go back to Harrington.” He looked at him closely, trying to judge just what was going on. “Or Steve, if you have to.”

“Steve,” he nodded. “Billy.” No you can call me Billy, just Billy.

“Fine. I need a light … Billy”

“Sure thing,” Billy held out the flame, “Steve.”

“You’re still an asshole,” Steve said without any hostility.

“Yeah,” Billy coughed a quick laugh around his own cigarette, “so I’ve been told.”

Steve thought carefully before he went on, gauging just how to ask his next question, fearing that he really didn’t want the answer. He turned to lean sideways against the garage, watching Billy’s profile.

“Why **did** you kiss me?”

“Told you. New Year’s, midnight, you were here.”

“Bullshit. You followed me out here, dropped your date to find me. You had two beers so you planned that. How about the truth, Billy?”

“The truth? The truth just causes trouble.” He sighed quietly. “At least it does for me. So let’s just go with what I said.”

“That’s not good enough.”

“Tough.” Billy shivered and hugged himself. “Too cold now. And for some reason my ass is wet. I’m going inside with the drunks.” He flicked his butt into the snow.

“Yeah, me too. Think there’s any beer left?”

“Trust me, I hid some.”

“Of course.” Steve held the storm as Billy opened the door. *1985 should be interesting.*